

The West Virginian

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY
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W. J. WIGGEL, Editor
J. J. WIGGEL, Associate Editor
J. J. WIGGEL, Managing Editor
J. J. WIGGEL, Business Manager
J. J. WIGGEL, Circulation Manager
J. J. WIGGEL, Superintendent
J. J. WIGGEL, National Advertising Representative
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FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27, 1922.

TAKE THIS DIFFICULTY TO THE STATE.

WATER Street still seems to be furnishing its quota to police court. The fact that six persons appeared before the mayor at one time this week, who had been arrested in one of the dives on Water Street, would indicate that old timers are drifting back over there, and conditions will soon become as bad as ever unless something is done.

There must be something left undone in the administration of clean up business on Water Street. If this were not true conditions over there would improve and continue to improve. There is one thing that has not yet been tried that might have a most satisfactory effect, and that is a direct and drastic handling of certain foreigners over there who are of a type of viciousness beyond comprehension, and who preside like bloated poisonous vipers over the web of iniquity that spreads on Water Street.

Some of these men have a restaurant "front" for a dive rear. These men get their licenses from the state. West Virginia legislation permits the state to control the granting of licenses and issues permits for this business over the heads of the city authorities. All the city can do when a restaurant is opened by men of this type is to rigidly police the place, and raid it when conditions are such as to warrant it, unless the city commissioners are willing to go farther and fight harder to secure the revoking of the licenses.

Here is one thing that can be done. The city authorities can appeal to the state to close these places. Certainly the city has proof enough of their undesirability to convince the state authorities that the licenses should be revoked. One foreigner on Water Street, in particular, is a man whose means of making a living is unspeakable; he has been before the city time and again for offenses committed at his inspiration, and he is probably the core of all the rottenness that Water

THE MAID ON THE COURTHOUSE

"Hello, there, Sanford! How's your old body hat?" said the Maid on the Courthouse, as she saw a tall and handsome chap coming up the Main Drag with a stately step.
"Just fine, Maid," said the coach of the Rutgers football team of New Brunswick, N. J., "and how are you?"
"Excellent," declared the Maid, "except for the fact that I am always a little nervous when I see these days. There is so much mystery stuff going on down there that I am scared. You haven't any murder in your heart have you?"
"No, not a bit—at least not any secret intention to murder," said the eastern gentleman, "but I will say that my boys expect to kill off a few snakes down at Morgantown tomorrow afternoon, and take home a nice, fat slice of victory bacon."
"Do you think you can turn the trick?"
"Yes, indeed! We turned the trick last year."

RUFF STUFF

We understand that hope is still being entertained for a new Bando station here.
That hope is sure strong for entertainment.
This makes about the twentieth consecutive year of entertainment of that hope.
But now that the medical ex-

Street represents. To get rid of this one man would mean a long, long step toward a lasting clean up.

Let the city appeal to the state authorities, and so strongly put before the state the undesirability of these individuals, that sympathy and help will be promptly extended and lasting results be gained in the response.

BEGINNING TOO EARLY.

HALLOWE'EN used to be a matter of a day's and evening's celebration. Farmers guarded pumpkin and corn crops on Hallowe'en night, and watchful citizens expecting trouble did not begin to look for its actual arrival until the sun sank low on October 31. But times have changed and apparently flocks of young lads begin to celebrate the occasion from a week to ten days before the actual day arrives.

The public is long suffering and most of the public is sympathetic and kind, but it is really asking a lot of the public to look through soaped windows and automobile wind shields, and to regularly clean debris from front porches for days and days before the occasion that sanctions such pranks, arrives.

Parents can take a hand in checking such a prolonged celebration by a little admonishment and reasoning with their boys. No person, unless completely atrophied in heart and spirit objects to innocent and harmless fun on Hallowe'en. If the farmer wishes to keep his cabbages and pumpkins on that evening it is up to him, if the citizens desire to protect front gates, and the merchants their signs, the watchman must be on the alert. No one objects to storms of confetti and deafening uproar of horns and squakers when the actual carnival night arrives, but it is going too far to begin these things a week in advance, and weary and annoy people with a lot of horseplay before hand.

Have a little heart to heart talk with the youngsters and make an appeal to be fair. They will respond for it is the exceptional lad that refuses a square deal.

TWO SURGEONS GET DEGREE.

FAIRMONT has an exceptionally able body of physicians, surgeons, and medical specialists. It is seldom that a city of this size can claim so many skilled and proficient men of the medical profession as can Fairmont, and the city is fortunate indeed in being so well equipped to combat illness or disease of whatever nature.

Tonight in Symphony Hall in Boston there will be conferred upon two of the city's leading surgeons a coveted degree, that of Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. The degrees will be conferred in the presence of eminent men high in the profession of surgery both in this country and Europe. The occasion is the annual meeting of the American College of Surgeons.

To be qualified for the fellowship the member must confine his practice entirely to surgery, and must have been active in his profession for ten years. It can be readily recognized that the try out for the honor is also sufficiently exacting, as it includes rigid examinations that must be satisfactory to the College and these examinations must be reinforced by the recommendation of surgeons of national repute and recognition.

The life of a physician, and especially of one who undertakes surgery is one of the most taxing of professions. The constant strain, the uncertain hours, the knowledge that life and death are incessantly in the scales of the operating table is enough to materially sap the nervous and physical forces of a man. The honors that come to these two local men are well earned laurels. They have labored hard and have their reward. Heartly congratulations are due them for their success, and the city itself reflects an added lustre from the merit attained by them.

Fairmont Chapter of the Red Cross announces its membership campaign goal at 6,000. It certainly seems there should be no difficulty in securing 6,000 members for Fairmont Chapter. The public should carefully read the annual report of the work of the Chapter as given Wednesday evening at the election of the new officers. It is certainly a creditable and praiseworthy year's effort. It shows an amazing amount of hard work, well and capably performed. Any person who has entertained the idea that the work of the Red Cross ceased with the war will surely be convinced of the falseness of this impression upon reading the account of the labor of the local chapter in Fairmont and Marion County during the past twelve months. Every canvasser who proceeds to enlist memberships for the Red Cross should clip this report from the newspapers and take it with him on his canvass. It is convincing conclusive argument for joining the Red Cross.

That practical lesson in citizenship that the Woman's Club is offering at the Masonic Temple Saturday afternoon, should attract wide attention among the women voters in the county. If any woman is uncertain how to cast a legal ballot, or uncertain about anything appertaining to the voting question this will be a fine opportunity to clear things up.

"But that was a year ago."
"But this is a year since."
"Have you really got a fellow who can kick the ball through three states?"
"Yes, indeed," said Sanford, "several of 'em if they are allowed to follow the ball that far and keep kicking it."
"Don't kid me. I want to know about this Wallis Chandler."
"Some kicker," said the coach, "why coming down on the train this morning he got sore at the porter in the diner and gave him a kick at Terra Alta, and the porter went right up through the roof and landed at the Fairmont station two hours and thirty seven minutes ahead of his train."
"You win," declared the Maid, "this is Friday, isn't it?"

The medical examiner may make an examination of a few Bando heads and make a report.
Of course, he might not have much to report—but that would be just about what one would expect from the Bando.
At any rate the road can't blame the lack of a good station here on the poor condition of the engines.
They have had years of high tide prosperity in which to get in solid with the people of this community.

But they never would speak to us unless forced to do so.
The Bando certainly has a promising corps of diplomats.
They would promise to get a slice of green cheese out of the moon, if they thought the promise would keep anybody quiet for a few minutes.

Goblins, Ghosts and Others on Local Streets—headline. Hold 'em, Mucker!
Hartley is the champion golfer

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Born October 27, 1858

Died January 6, 1919



because we didn't enter the tournament.
There ain't nobody no place never came near our golf record.
And what's more—nobody wants to.
Yes, the weather will be fair tomorrow. Adam has no rain guarantee.
You might be interested to know that Mr. Bluns has some apples.
Any young man going to school to take care of a filling station at night should see G. G. Smith.
Well, well, some people go to school for less than that.
You wouldn't think it possible, but we have an ideal restaurant here. At least the head lines say so.

HUSBAND SHOWS HIS INNOCENCE

Identity of Slayer of Mrs. Hazel Burns Continues to Be Mystery.
CLEVELAND, Oct. 27.—Identity of the slayer of Mrs. Hazel Burns, wife of Henry Burns, whose body was found buried in a wood near Painesville Wednesday afternoon, remains a mystery. Although her husband is locked up in the county jail at Painesville, charged with first degree murder, and has been cross-examined by Ralph M. Ostrander, prosecutor of Lake County, for a total of twenty-five hours, he has made no admission, the authorities say, that would connect him with the death of his wife.
A dramatic incident followed the bringing of Burns into the Painesville morgue, where the body of his wife was yesterday. Falling to the floor he cried: "No, No—I didn't do it." This exclamation was followed by Burns kneeling beside the body and clasping the body in his arms, while his lips moved as if in prayer. At another period of the cross-examination of Burns yesterday, he replied to the inquiries: "If you could only see into my heart you would know I am innocent. How could I face my wife in the next world if I had killed her?"
The body of Mrs. Burns will be sent to Zanesville, Ohio, today for burial.
Burns told Prosecutor Ostrander that his name is Bruno Brubaski, but that he took the name Burns because it was the name of his mother's second husband.

Berton Braley's Poem

THE SECRET.
What makes a house a home? It's hard to know:
Comfort and ease, a hearth fire all aglow,
Pictures and books, a sense of peace and rest,
Giving to little things a joyous zest—
And deep content that naught can overthrow.
What makes a house a home? It's hard to tell:
I know of hovels where the people dwell
In poverty, yet neither grinding toil
Nor bitter want and suffering can spoil.
The home-neas that holds them in its spell.
What makes a house a home? It's hard to say:
Children to make it merry day by day,
Patience and understanding, an air
Of comradeship about it every where,
Laughter and health and glad robustious play.
What makes a house a home? The glamor of
That spirit ageless, raising man above
All other creatures on this vast earth:
The spirit that gives living all its worth.
This is the subtle secret, it is Love
That makes a house a home:
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KINCAID

A large crowd attended the funeral of Mrs. Clark Smith held at Halleck Church Sunday at 2 o'clock. The Rev. Job Jones conducted the funeral and interment was made in Halleck Cemetery.
Omer Williams, who was operated on Saturday morning at the hospital at Morgantown, is improving.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Jackson of Ohio are spending a few days with the latter's sister, Mrs. Mary Memmes at Halleck.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Garlow and little son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Williams.
The Rev. Boyers Boyce will preach at Eureka Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Hays Morris and son Herman were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Morris.
Mrs. Quintie Williams of Pittsburgh is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Williams of Triune.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Blaney

LION MEMORIAL DESIGN FAVORED

Nearly Two Million Raised for Triple Roosevelt Memorial Plans.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—More than \$1,800,000 is in the hands of the Roosevelt Memorial Association awaiting decision on plans for a triple memorial to Theodore Roosevelt.

The purposes to which the money is to be applied are as follows: To erect a monumental memorial in Washington to rank with the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.
To improve the land that is to be given at Oyster Bay for a Roosevelt Memorial Park.
To perpetuate the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt by spreading the knowledge of his character and career, developing and applying his policies and ideals for the benefit of the American people.

A number of designs have been submitted for the proposed monument in Washington.
Although no decision has been reached by the monument committee, of which Elhu Root is chairman, the lion design of Carl E. Akeley is liked best by the Roosevelt family.
Akeley was a personal friend of Roosevelt and was with him, hunting and collecting scientific specimens, in Africa.
William Loeb, Jr., who was Roosevelt's secretary is chairman of the committee on the park at Oyster Bay. Clifford Pinchot, is chairman of the committee for the perpetuation of Roosevelt's ideals.
The first step by the latter committee was the establishment of a Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information. The first of a series of authoritative books dealing with various phases of Colonel Roosevelt's life has been published, "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," by Norman Hakendorn.

ROOSEVELT.
He looked at life as a game to play.
With all of his glorious zest,
And he played it manfully, day by day.
While the heart beat high in his breast,
He never whined when the play was spilled,
Or the surging line thrown back,
But ever anew his soul was thrilled
As he leaped to a fresh attack.
He loved the sun and the good brown earth,
And horses and dogs and men,
And joyous labor and brave clean mirth.
And ever and even again
He'd turn with a smile from the cares of state
To romp with his kids a span:
A bully father, a knightly mate,
And a yard-wide, all-wool Man!

And though he stood with his feet on the ground,
His eyes were not blind to stars,
He fought for the visions his soul had found.
No wind at his battle-scars,
In the hearts of men is his monument.
Though Greatheart himself is gone,
Who lived his life to the top of his head,
And died with his harness on!
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Editorial Comment on Current Subjects

FORD'S FULMINATIONS

(From the Black Diamond.)

The fact that Henry Ford has dismantled his Nuttallburg mine in West Virginia and has discontinued operations, owing to the fact that he has been unable to compete with other mines under the existing scale of prices is to be regarded with a good deal of significance in view of Mr. Ford's recent assertion that the price of coal was too high and that all buyers ought to co-operate with their local newspapers in seeing that the public was informed that the price was too high.

Dismantling of the Nuttallburg mine puts Ford in a highly inconsistent position and warrants the assumption that perhaps after all, Ford's widely published statement as to coal prices was just another scheme to secure a little free publicity for his product on which it is admitted that he makes a sufficient margin to put him at the head of American millionaires.

If Mr. Ford is unable to operate his own mine at a profit under existing prices how can he expect other mine owners to do so, and why should he seek to bring about a buyers strike with the ultimate sentence of higher prices when he knows that prices now prevailing are not more than sufficient to meet the cost of operation?

When Mr. Ford gave out his statement as to coal prices in which he claimed the public was being held up, he undoubtedly had issued orders as to a suspension of operations at his Nuttallburg mine. Hence he was familiar with the high cost of operation resulting from a return to the war wage scale and from curtailed coal supply.

If that be true, he was giving to the public something he knew to be contrary to the facts and at the same time was withholding from the public the fact that as a mine owner he had been compelled to shut down his mine because he could not secure a price sufficient to meet the cost of operation. In other words, he was not fair and open with the public. Does any one suppose for a minute, that if the public knew that Ford's mine had been shut down because the

market level was too low, much faith would be placed in his professed concern for the public welfare? On the contrary, it would be the public discount his sincerity and look upon his broadside as nothing but a scheme to secure coal at a cheaper price in order that his own profits might be increased? How else is it to be regarded in view of the fact that he is unwilling to operate his mine under existing conditions?

The Nuttallburg mine was brought presumably for the purpose of supplying the Ford factories with fuel. The thickness of the vein and the quality of the coal at the Nuttallburg mine are about on a par with other New River coals. The mine is an old mine, of course, but it had always been operated profitably about 3,000 acres of coal. Mr. Ford, being a man of foresight, it is to be assumed that he had engineers investigate the property before he made his purchase. In short, it is to be assumed that he did not buy a pig in the poke.

Now then, if Mr. Ford could not from a mine owned by him supply in part his factories without sustaining a loss, how could he expect other mine owners to do something he was unwilling to do? Has he been fair to the coal industry, therefore, in indulging in such criticisms as has recently come from him? Has he laid all his cards on the table? Has he taken the public completely into his confidence?

When it does become generally known that Henry Ford had a mine in Fayette County, West Virginia and that he declined to operate it any longer because it could not compete with other mine owners on the basis of prevailing prices, the public will be little inclined to give heed or weight to his fulminations against the coal industry in the future.

Have you ever seen the Black Horse Brigade? Adv.

Who Found the Balloon?

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WALK-OVER

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